Volume LXIII CHICAGO, JULY 29, 1909 Number 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE SINGER

O lark! sweet lark!
Where learn you all your minstrelsy?
What realms are those to which you fly?
While robins feed their young from dawn to dark,
You soar on high,---
Forever in the sky.

O child! dear child!
Above the clonds I lift my wing
To hear the bells of heaven ring;
Some of their music, though my flights be wild,
To Earth I bring;
Then let me soar and sing.

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

CONTENTS

The Pilgrimage.—*Edwin Markham* 339

EDITORIAL—
Notes 339
The UNITY Body Guard 340

THE PULPIT—
Cruelties Connected with the Training and Exhibition of Animals.—*Mrs. Huntington Smith* 342

THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Notes.—E. P. P. 346

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 346
The Story of Khaki 346
Daisies.—*Frank Dempster Sherman* 346

THE FIELD—
The Beatification of Joan of Arc 347

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company

FOUNDED IN 1846

SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF HONEST MANAGEMENT

Samuel T. Chase, Ill. Gen. Agent. Monadnock, Blk. Chicago

SCHUMANN AND COMPANY
Dyeing and Cleaning
OF
Suits, Silks, Dresses, (Rugs Oriental) etc.

Many of the well known members of Abraham Lincoln Centre are our patrons. References. Calls taken on the Phone—and Delivered.

PHONE 1442 DOUGLAS 3954 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE
TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

H. D. LUDLOW
UNDERTAKER

Telephone Oakland 1274
659 E. Forty-Seventh St., Near Grand Boul.

DREXEL STATE BANK

Oakwood Blvd. and Cottage Grove Ave.

CAPITAL $200,000
DEPOSITS $2,500,000

3% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts---Safety Boxes For Rent

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 1269

H. ZEISS
Tailor

For Ladies and Gentlemen

SEVEN *and* NINE
EAST FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

Lovely Woman's Lovely Waists

Receive special attention at this Laundry. We have the art of restoring to them the beauty of newness as no home laundry can do it

Drexel Laundry
3905-11 Langley Ave.
Phone Douglas 642

Ideal Cream
For Chapped and Rough Skin
Prepared by
WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

HAND SAPOLIO
FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every washstand.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

F. HOPE & SON

Painting and Decorating
Painters' Supplies

We are Distributers for ACME PAINTS, Varnishes, etc

3821 Cottage Grove Ave.
Tel. Douglas 665 CHICAGO
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1909. NUMBER 22.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

I made a pilgrimage to find the God;
I listened for his voice at holy tombs,
Searched for the print of his immortal feet
In dust of broken altars; yet turned back
With empty heart. But on the homeward road,
A great light came upon me, and I heard
The God's voice singing in a nesting lark;
Felt his sweet wonder in a swaying rose;
Received his blessing from a wayside well;
Looked on his beauty in a lover's face;
Saw his bright hand send signals from the sun.

—*Edwin Markham.*

The following item from a Columbus (Ohio) daily paper is interesting:

Mrs. A. D. Winship, of Racine, Wis., has returned to Columbus again to take a second course of study at the Iowa State University Summer School. Although seventy-eight years of age, Mrs. Winship is an enthusiastic student, greatly interested in the courses in psychology, sociology and literature.

This youthful-minded student, entering with all the ardor of the undergraduate who is unsophisticated enough to go to college to study rather than to have a good time, is the lady who furnished and endowed the John Davis Guest Chamber at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Such lives as hers have reached deep enough to touch the perennial springs of the fountain of youth. This fountain is found, not by soaring, but by digging. The unfailing rivers of God are subterranean. Next year Mrs. Winship plans to take the course at the Tower Hill Summer School.

"People at Play" is the title of a new book recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is an interesting and timely contribution to current statesmanship. George Eliot said long ago that, important as it may be to properly direct the industries of society, it is not so important as to wisely direct the leisure, the amusements of the community. But one thing is sadder than life without play, and that is a life that undertakes to be all play, a life without work. The drudge is not so much to be pitied as the poor victim of society who is always pursuing diversion and seeking to be amused. The young man or woman who has no time to laugh is to be pitied, but the perpetual giggler is still more pathetic. Perhaps the surest way to promote merriment is to cultivate seriousness, for to the thoughtful the world grows bright and its sunshine strikes inward.

The *Methodist Review Quarterly* for the Methodist Church, South, published at Nashville, Tenn., for July, contains a most readable article on Tennyson as the poet of immortality. It is a timely contribution, for the sixth of the next month will mark the centennial of the birth of the great laureate. If Tennyson is not as much read and beloved by the present generation of young people as he was by their parents and grandparents, the fault lies with the young people rather than with the poet, for his lines still ravish the ears of the sensitive, and his tenderness, gentleness, and loftiness are still calculated to touch and thrill the youthful heart. Phillips Brooks and Abraham Lincoln also come in for words memorial in this issue. It would seem as though the geographical line suggested by the word *"South"* has wellnigh lost its significance. Two of the articles are contributed by two professors of the Northwestern University at Evanston, another by a professor in the Wisconsin University, two from Toronto, Canada, one from Los Angeles, California, one from the University of Chicago, and one of the two articles on Abraham Lincoln was written by the Senior Editor of UNITY. Surely, geographical lines no longer carry any definite theological, sociological, or political connotation.

As predicted in a previous issue, the Calvin celebration is to have more than one side. Dr. J. H. Crooker, of Boston, in a recent issue of the *Boston Transcript,* takes a tilt at what he deems the too charitable view of Calvin in Mr. Mead's enthusiastic championing. He thinks that Calvin's persecution of Servetus is not adequately excused on the score that it was the custom of the times. He urges that we have a right to expect of a great leader "something more than the common habit of his people. We do not condemn Jefferson for keeping his inherited slaves, but we should surely have condemned the author of the Declaration of Independence if he had not spoken clearly against slavery." Much had been written previous to the burning of Servetus against religious persecution, and Mr. Crooker furnishes interesting illustrations of the same over against Mr. Mead's claim that it was "greatly to the credit of Calvin that Servetus was given a fair trial." Professer Emerton is quoted as saying, "There can be no doubt that Calvin pushed the case to its utmost limits." The conclusion of the whole matter, according to Dr. Crooker, is this: "The Story of Servetus' execution is one of an awful mingling of mistaken justice, devotion to truth, and, it must be allowed, vindictiveness."

The *Christian Endeavor World,* as quoted by the *Boston Transcript,* in noting the disintegrating tendencies in the Jewish ranks, the "growing body of Liberal Jews who are very nearly Unitarians," says:

With such restlessness and shifting of religious base, how is it that the Jew is not attracted to Christianity of one form or another? Why is it that millions of them fail to see that real Christianity is but the other half of the religion of their fathers?

Can it mean nothing to a Jew that one of his race is recognized as God incarnate by innumerable millions; that a Jewish woman is accounted the queen of heaven by multitudes in every quarter of the earth; that the most enterprising and successful nations for a thousand years have drawn their highest inspiration from Jewish literature; that the whole modern world—Christendom—bears a Jewish name; that our chronology is based upon the birthday of a Jew?

I believe the facts of history will bear me out in the statement that it is not Christianity, but Christians, that stagger the Jews. Instead of remembering to the credit and glory of their race that they gave us Jesus Christ, we have preferred to hurl in their faces for centuries the fact that he was crucified at the instigation of a Jewish mob with the approval of a corrupt priesthood.

And what we have done through the ages with pagan brutality, and are still doing in Russia, we in enlightened America are doing more gently but none the less effectively with the weapons of social ostracism and personal contempt.

If these young Jews on leaving their own faith go over to a blighting agnosticism and a materialistic socialism, it is because they are surrounded by an indifferent Christianity that is as neglectful of the true spirit of its founder as these Jews are disloyal to the traditions of their fathers.

We must attend to the beam in the eye of Christianity if we would extract the mote from the eye of Judaism.

A UNITY reader sends the Editor a copy of the *Welsh Coast Pioneer* that he may read the "local news." Even in that far-off and too-much-neglected corner of the world, some local news has large general interest. For instance: we learn that the *Eisteddfod* to be held at Colwyn Bay in September offers £60 as the prize for the best county geography of the local counties; £30 will go to the best descriptive catalogue of the works of art in public and private collections in North Wales; a special prize of £50 for the best history of Denbigshire. We also read that there was an "Arts and Crafts" section at the great national *Eisteddfod* recently held in London. Brass candlesticks, wrought iron gates, embroidered bed-spreads were among the products offered for prizes. There were also prizes offered for the best collection of Radnorshire folk-lore either in Welsh or English. In the competition of the Celtic harp we read of little Elfrida, a picturesque figure in her steeple hat and Welsh dress, who at the completion of her performance burst into tears and, child-like, retired to the back of the platform to finish out her cry, being overcome at having played in the great hall and before so large an audience. Of course she could not compete with older and more skilled performers, but the presiding officer announced that he would offer a sovereign in consolation, and a young lady in the audience added another, and the two crowns were placed in the hands of the little child.

To own the thing is little—to create it is much.

The Unity Body Guard

Now that the Senior Editor is at Tower Hill enjoying the annual suspension of the strain, and from his ledge on the Wisconsin river bluff can take account of stock and calculate his bearings, he has, as might be expected, a little time to cast up the accounts, look over the mailing lists, read over the old letters, and weigh the encouragements and the discouragements of the situation.

With an obstinacy that is perhaps constitutional, he persists in believing in a continuous place for UNITY, a continuous cause for it to serve, and a continuous constituency that will help keep it a-going. We do not purpose to burden these columns with what may be called the personal affairs of UNITY, but some of the correspondence carried on in sealed envelopes contains so much of vital importance to UNITY and of general interest to our readers that it would seem to justify the publicity of our printed columns. We give below something of two letters with something of the answers thereto, which not only represent the hopeful and discouraging phases of our UNITY regiment, but also the sunny and the shadowy side of life, the optimistic and the pessimistic philosophy of things, the upward and the downward look in religion, the inspirations of the march and the depressions of the halt. Here they are:

A LETTER.

JANESVILLE, WIS., July 4, 1909.

My Dear Mr. Jones:—

All Souls Society of this city, whom you served so long and so well, have instructed me to send you $100.00 for the Unity Endowment Fund. I enclose you draft for same.

It is the sincere wish of all your old friends here that UNITY may live on forever, and that the hopes of its founder may be fully realized in the near future.

Yours sincerely,
W. H. GREENMAN.

THE REPLY.

TOWER HILL, WIS., July 13, 1909.

Dear Mr. Greenman:—

I have read of bread cast upon the waters coming back after many days. This is a case of bread coming back as cake. Nothing has touched me for many days more than this recognition of my old friends—the original All Souls Church of my affections. I don't know how to put in a letter the gratitude and affection your letter awakened. It confirms in a tender way the faith which, however tried, I have never lost,—that a piece of honest work, sincerely done, cannot utterly fail.

Judged by any outward results, my nearly ten years' work in Janesville has little to show, and things seem to be as if I had not been, but I will believe that something remains, and this bit of paper, representing a hundred dollars' worth of good will to be re-invested in the interest of the work and the word we once delighted in together, reassures me.

I am glad of this occasion to say to you all that the All Souls Church in Chicago, UNITY, the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and anything else I may have been able to do, have all been the outcome of the seed planted in Janesville during the seventies. Whatever became of the other seeds, those planted in my own heart and head have borne this fruit.

I hope that some things have grown more clear since those days; perhaps there has been some unconscious shifting of emphasis, but as far as I understand myself, I still stand for the things I then stood for, and the joy of working for an open church, a *church* with a real faith and devout emotion, has increased with the years.

The hair is now gray that was black when I left you; the eyes now need spectacles that then needed none, but my

heart, I believe, is still as young as then, certainly the joy of life is real and my faith in the future is more profound, and best of all, away down in the sub-conscious realms of my soul, I am still pastor of a real All Souls Church in Janesville. In my dreams the fellowship comes often strangely to the surface, and in the more spontaneous waking movements of my mind, I still am thinking of the Janesville friends as my people.

As to the "Unity Endowment Fund," it is growing very slowly. If I live long enough I will reach my mark, but I am not going to worry even if it fails to reach the goal. The strength acquired will be held sacred for some high uses. Should UNITY die, even as All Souls Church in Janesville "died," I shall believe that its message will still be *vital*, and that somehow it will continue to find its messengers.

With much love to every one of you, I am,

Yours for Auld Lang Syne, and
as much for the Kingdom to come,
JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

The same mail that brought the $100 check and the cheer that was worth several hundred dollars more, brought another letter from another friend and supporter who has been trying to do something for UNITY, and this is the way it strikes this man of affairs, who for years has been in the thick of the fight; one who has known the contentions and the struggle of business, in which struggle he has won his way and fared forth successful.

THE LETTER.

Dear Mr. Jones:—

From my point of view the prospect is not at all encouraging. The proposition does not appeal to the average individual. Those who have favored the guarantee fund in the past have done it largely on the theory that the paper would in a short time become self-sustaining, and even to the writer this seems to be a reasonable conclusion, and that almost anyone who is deeply interested in a periodical can arrange to pay the annual subscription, especially as the outlay is not large and they receive personal pleasure and benefit from their investment, while the guarantee plan does not appeal so directly to one's personal interest, and consequently we find more difficulty in interesting people continually to the extent required. I think perhaps you would answer by advising your personal friends not to be so concerned about their personal interest and to be more interested in UNITY. That would be reasonable and right did the proposition carry with it the unqualified consent of their judgment to the continued outlay.

I write this letter explaining the impressions that I received during my efforts in the interests of the fund.

With kindest regards, etc., etc.

THE REPLY.

TOWER HILL, July 9, 1909.

My Dear Friend:—

Yours of June 30 came to hand. It was a depressing note to begin the vacation with, but, as you probably expected, it has not "downed me." Such notes have been coming to me regularly ever since I began work in Chicago almost thirty years ago, many of them coming from my best friends. Probably these best friends have been keenly disappointed in me when I have refused or otherwise failed to accept their depressing conclusions. But I believe that these same friends have experienced a still happier disappointment in finding that in spite of their doleful prognostications things have gone ahead.

Early in the game true friends labored with me to throw up my "job" and leave Chicago, and go where I would be more sure of a living. Fifteen or more years ago other friends voted to discontinue UNITY. I did not leave Chicago, did not discontinue UNITY, and I believe these friends are glad that I did not take their advice.

To answer more directly some of the points in your letter, I would say that no one at all acquainted with the history of religious journals or any other paper with a positive ethical purpose, could have any grounds for discouragement over UNITY's inability to "become self-sustaining in a short time." This is as true of religious journals that represent the so-called orthodox churches as it is of the organs of more heretical movements. The great denominational papers all draw continuously upon their friends for support. They are systematically backed by funds from the more prosperous among their constituency, most of them necessarily depending upon much larger subsidies than UNITY, because they have to pay for the editorial work, which in this case is always gratuitous.

But these facts, instead of being arguments for the discontinuation of such publications, offer instead unanswerable arguments for favoring the people who believe in ideas and who know that the well-being of society and the joys of life are never commodities that go to *the highest bidder* or that can be tested by their market values in dollars and cents. This would be a poor world if nothing went except "what pays."

Think of the great propaganda carried on by the anti-slavery people, the Temperance, and similar societies, and you will realize that there never was a time in the history of their struggles when the argument which is implied in your letter (if I understand it) would not have silenced the messengers and discontinued their advocacy.

Measured by the small financial backing which UNITY has received outside of the subscription price, the fact that UNITY has kept alive thirty-two years and preserved its financial integrity is, so far as I know, a record unparalleled.

Of course UNITY could be made to pay for itself *in a very short time* if it lowered its standard, pulled down its flag, and studied more carefully *what people are willing to pay for* rather than *what people need* and, as a people, are never willing to pay full value for. A mere lowering of our standard of advertising that would permit us to advertise patent medicines and similar things known to be worthless, but which even intelligent people buy, would promptly put UNITY on "Easy Street," and annually multiply several times the largest amount of subsidy we have ever received. Perhaps even our present standards could be maintained with adequate advertising patronage, if we would only indulge, when soliciting advertising, in the customary *lying* known to the publication and tax-assessing business.

But still you have a right to ask, "Is it worth while? Does it do good enough to justify the expense?" Here, of course, I cannot give to you my point of view, though I think it is obvious to anyone who will carefully investigate the matter that if we have a message to deliver and any gift in delivering it, and UNITY carries it literally, from ocean to ocean; it is a consolation in the sick-room, an inspiration to the student; and preaches to the preachers.

You see, then, how impossible it is for me to accept as final, your discouraging estimate of the situation so far as UNITY is concerned. Of course, when UNITY fails to keep faith with the printer, and cannot pay honestly for the paper and ink with which it is printed, it will stop. But it will not stop as long as it has friends who are willing to give it a little backing, or while I have strength to do the work.

This letter is already too long, but I cannot close without a word concerning another consideration in your letter. It is true that UNITY's message, as well as its need, does call for a better administration of funds, and as I understand it, it is our duty as well as our pleasure—in UNITY, as well as out of it—to do everything we can to persuade people that the wise appropriation of wealth is to say the least as urgent and difficult a problem as the honest accumulation of the same.

You and I agree about these matters. We know that wealth is often a blight to those who hold it and particularly to their families and descendants. The logic of indulgence is always more persistent, but never more noble than that of self-sacrifice and of devotion to ideas.

Very cordially yours,
JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

THE NIGHT MIST.

All night long the gray embracing mist
Has held in tender arms the tired world;
The sleepy river its soft lips have kissed,
And over hills and meadows it has curled.

Its white cool finger it has gently placed
On weary stretches of the desert sand;
The noisy city, and the far-off waste
Have felt the benediction of its hand.

The drowsy world rolls slowly toward the day,
The fresh sweet wind of morning softly blows;
The willing mist no longer now may stay;
With first expectancy of dawn, it goes!

—*Margaret DeLand.*

THE PULPIT

Cruelties Connected with the Training and Exhibition of Animals

We hear a great deal said about the barbarity and cruelty of bull fights in Spain and Mexico, and much disapproval has been expressed of American women who attend these shows. It has been suggested that Americans should use their influence to put a stop to this form of amusement, yet here in our own country, and under our own eyes, in cities where humane societies are rich and flourishing, a form of entertainment is going on, not once a week, but every day and evening, that involves more suffering to animals and more risk to human life than the bull fight which has been held up as the acme of cruel sport.

The cruelty of the bull fight is open and above board; there is no concealment about it. A certain amount of the cruelty connected with the numerous exhibitions of trained animals in circuses, manageries and shows is always evident to the observant eye of a humane witness, but the worst of it is kept behind the scenes where the animals that are forced into these exhibitions may be, and often are, tortured with the whip, the sharp-pointed goad, hot irons and starvation, while flaming advertisements and interesting newspaper stories which are usually only another and more artful form of advertisement, proclaim that in these shows the animals are "trained with kindness."

The easily gulled public, who rarely look for anything they prefer not to see, attend the shows. Schools are sometimes closed; railroad fares reduced; and in the face of the fact that every trainer or exhibitor carries a whip, and that the whip evidently carries terror to the minds of these animals that are supposed never to have been hurt by it, they think of nothing but the amusement which they get from seeing the poor captives compelled to do silly and useless tricks that they hate, their whole lives being spent either on the stage or in being carted about the country in small and uncomfortable cages, from one scene of misery to another, until death relieves them.

When a large and popular show was near Boston last summer a telephone message came to me from a woman saying that she had been to the show and was so affected by what she saw that she cried and could not stay. She said that one lion was beaten about the head until the blood came from his ear, and that the whip was used continually to make this lion and other animals do their tricks. I sent a woman as soon as possible to see the show, choosing one who was opposed to cruelty, but not excessively humane. She returned in a state of great indignation and said that she considered the treatment of some of the animals very cruel, and that one lion, who seemed a dangerous animal, was beaten about the head until he bled. A number of the animals were lashed with whips, pistols with blank cartridges were fired into their faces to terrify them, and the whole exhibition was to her most revolting.

The next week I asked two men to go, one a member of our Board of Directors, one a veterinary doctor. Both of these men are most careful not to be carried away by impulse and always counsel moderation in humane effort. On their return I asked the director his opinion of the show. To my surprise, as he is not a profane man, he answered, "It was damnable!" This time the lion was not beaten, but there was constant use of the whip. In one hand the trainer carried a light whip which he used to lash the animals with; in the other hand he kept a heavy rawhide whip. When the light whip failed to subdue the lion, tiger or leopard, as the case might be, the butt end of the heavy rawhide whip was shown the animal, and he cowered in terror and became obedient. In cages, in sight of the audience, were iron prods ready for emergencies; and these were instruments in evidence used for "training with kindness."

After the show the two men went to the cages where the animals were kept, and while all of them were unhappy looking creatures, one lion in particular had a number of raw sores about his head and body which evidently were the results of his training. God and the trainers only know how that poor beast had been tortured.

It was probably this same lion to which reference was made in the Providence newspapers, where they state that "Daring feats will follow one another closely, and probably the most dangerous piece of work in the entire show is that of 'Nervy' Gaillard with eleven powerful lions, including the notorious 'Baltimore,' which killed two men and severely injured another." After a long description of the tricks the animals were made to perform the article closes by saying, "The dangerous chances taken by the trainers afford theatre goers of this city an exciting novelty."

WANTED—A brave young woman of attractive personality and physique to dance in a cage of trained lions; previous experience not necessary; salary $100 per week. Inquire Manager Bostock Arena, Providence Opera House.

Twenty young women, tempted by the large salary, applied, but only five kept their courage up to the point of trial. The press agents were invited to witness the first rehearsal. One of them thus describes it: "The five who offered themselves to make a Roman holiday for the attendants and newspaper men were" (then follow their names). "They were grouped in the center of the arena and stood huddled together holding tight to one another's arms during the time they remained there. When Charley" (a lion) "caught sight of them he stopped in the middle of a growl and gazed at them in bewilderment. But he was not allowed much time for reflection. The two trainers got busy with their whips, revolvers and other weapons and Charley was soon raging about the enclosure filling the theater with his roars and snapping his great teeth angrily at the men and small group of girls who stood as motionless as if they had been carved out of stone. At times the lion approached dangerously near them but the men drove him at the psychological moment and kept him circling the cage. After a few moments of this he was driven back to his pedestal and the women were led up in front of him while the trainers again aroused him into an exhibition of fury by threatening him with their whip butts."

The risk to human life in all these exhibitions is great, and doubtless adds to the interest of those who attend, just as the crowds who attend the bull fights in Spain are attracted by love of the excitement produced by the killing of the bull and the horses and the risk of life to the toreador.

Can anyone by the wildest stretch of imagination consider this sort of thing educational, and an illustration of wild animals trained and subdued by kindness? Even when these wretched captives are disposed to be quiet the trainers purposely excite them to frenzy by whips, revolvers and goads, and sometimes by more cruel methods that are carefully concealed from the public. For example, in a town in Pennsylvania an

agent from the humane society noticed that while a lion seemed quiet when he was brought into the cage where he was to be exhibited, he soon became greatly excited, roaring and jumping about the narrow confines of the cage in a frightful manner. This interested and amused the public but the quiet observer stole out and got behind the scenes and found that electric wires were cunningly concealed at the bottom of the cage and the torture caused by these wires caused the spectacle that the audience was enjoying. I am glad to be able to add that this was proved by the Humane Society, and the fiendishly cruel exhibitor was driven out of town to carry on his torturing exhibitions where humane agents were less observant. This is one of the very few instances in which a humane society has put any block in the way of these cruel shows.

Why is it that in states where we boast of progress in education, in civilization and in Christianity, such revolting exhibitions, that are on a level with the old-time bear-baiting and other cruel sports now relegated to a barbarous age, are still kept up? A bull fight is a matter of a few hours and then the suffering animals are killed, and the cruelty of it is less than in a case like this, where the performance is a continuous one, the animals being kept in a constant state of misery all day and far into the night. When the last evening performance is over and these animals, exhausted with rage and terror, their bodies often bruised and sometimes bleeding, have a few hours before them of such rest as they can get in their hard and narrow cages, it stands to reason that a whole night could not be time enough to calm their excited nerves and rest their weary bodies. And this goes on day after day and week after week until they are tortured to death by inches, as it were, and new captives are put into their places.

Wherein are we better than the old Romans? What right have we to criticise the bull fights of Spain?

A writer whose evident intention it was to keep all cruelty relating to these shows in the background, innocently revealed, in the course of her book, the fact that most trainers are badly scarred and disfigured by their conflicts with these animals that they "train by kindness," and that the danger to life is constant.

These animals are our fellow mortals. Like mankind they differ in disposition. With some of them the harsh treatment they receive renders them broken-spirited, with no courage left to revolt; others grow dull and stupid and have to be goaded into doing their tricks, and with others, like that wretched scarred-up lion, their high, proud and passionate spirit forces them to revolt against the cruel tyrant, their jailer, trainer and torturer as long as they have strength enough left to rebel.

The trainers unintentionally often reveal the grim truth. I talked with a trainer who at first denied that there was cruelty connected with the profession, but after I had won his confidence through sympathy for his own hard life, he confessed that many trainers were very cruel behind the scenes, and that it made him feel so badly to see how the animals suffered he wished he could get out of the business.

In *McClure's Magazine* some articles have appeared which have thrown a good deal of light on this question of cruelty. In Notes from a Trainer's Book (Dec., 1904) the writer says: "The caged animal is not a normal animal. . . . Certain of his faculties are dulled; others are unduly sharpened. . . . Is it any wonder that the wisest and most experienced trainer must confess to a knowledge so slight, an ignorance so vast, of those untamed and sullen minds which for a time they perilously control?"

What education can there be in looking at abnormal animals? "Sooner or later most animals of the cat kind become utterly intractable and remain so," he continued. "Going bad" is the professional term for this. "The elephant," he says, "is a murderer," and adds that "more men are killed each year by elephants than by all the other captive animals put together." Why is he a murderer? Let us see how the elephants that are used to amuse the people in circuses and in zoological gardens are treated.

The elephant is an intelligent animal. He needs the great forests to roam in, and when captured and kept a prisoner in confined quarters no one can tell what his sufferings must be.

The famous clown elephant, Mandarin, was for ten years cooped in a cage too small to turn around in. Such captivity made her a dangerous animal and she killed three men. It was found necessary to kill her, and the account of her death by hanging was most tragic.

In Central Park the elephant Tom became so dangerous that he was kept chained to the ground, first by one foot, then by two feet, for two long years until Mr. Haines insisted upon having him killed, for which merciful deed Mr. Haines certainly deserved great credit, since humane societies as a rule never interfere with the cruelties of the showmen and the Zoo.

An elephant in Lincoln Park, Chicago, has for nineteen years been chained to a stone post by a short chain attached to one leg, but is now to be given a yard with bath attached. The fact that this elephant has lived nineteen years under these conditions does not prove that he has been comfortable or contented. Men have lived longer than that in dungeons.

An elephant kept in the Zoological Garden in Washington, D. C., was closely confined, chained to the floor of a very small cage, until a member of the American Humane Association, a woman whose sympathy for suffering animals takes active form, interfered and caused to be built a more spacious house for the captive. But when I visited him two years ago he was still kept chained most of the time. Had I time I could give many instances of elephants that have suffered greatly in captivity, "gone bad," as the trainers express it, killed their keepers and have had to be killed, which is a difficult thing to do and is usually done in a most cruel and clumsy manner. For example, the Indian elephant named Fritz in the Zoological Garden of Berlin had to be killed for distemper. According to a newspaper report Dr. Schilling was appointed hangman. First he tried strangulation by means of ropes and pulleys, but the ropes broke. Next he tried poisoning. The animal was given fodder of fresh bananas, which was devoured with a relish. Then a few bananas were dipped in carbolic acid, but no amount of coaxing could make Fritz take them. Finally shooting was tried. The heaviest big game rifle was procured and a shot was fired into the left armpit. The elephant received a shock only, the bullet having flattened against the shoulder blade. Then a Maxim gun was used and a fusillade of projectiles was pumped into the poor beast under the right armpit. The elephant went down like a house. In his death struggle, which was long continued and was studied by many scientists, he broke all his chains, and reduced part of the iron fence in the paddock to scrap iron.

Gundar, an elephant kept in the Bronx, New York,

was reported recently as having nearly killed her keeper. The newspapers came out openly with the statement that to save the keeper and get the elephant under control she was "jabbed with sharp prods until her sides looked like a sieve," and trumpeting with rage (they should have added rage mingled with pain and terror) she was finally forced into her prison cell where she thrashed about all night, striking her head and injuring herself against the walls in her frantic struggle for freedom. Yet no pity was expressed for the captive elephant in her desperation and misery. Few people will try to consider honestly and carefully the feelings of any other animal excepting themselves.

When in Paris last year I visited both the parks where animals are kept,—*The Jardin des Plantes* and *Jardin d'Acclimatation.* In one of these Hagenbeck was having an exhibition of trained animals, and I accidently witnessed a performance from the rear, where no one was expected to be looking on. A young elephant was doing the trick of leaping from a considerable height into a pool of water; I noted his great reluctance to go up the stairs leading to the platform from which he was to leap. Two men with large, heavy poles, which of course had the usual sharp iron prods on the ends, were forcing him up every step of the ladder by means of these prods. This the audience in front could not see. I heard the splash, then in a few moments he was forced around to the stairs again, groaning at every step, and with still more difficulty he was made to take the plunge again.

After this I did not see him but I heard a continuance of such heart-rending groans, like a human being in agony, that I hurried around to the front and asked the man at the gate what made the elephant groan so. He laughed and said it was because he did not want to do his trick. I said something more, and he laughed again and said it was "all in the business." I had no one to help me. I do not speak French readily and had to go away, the elephant's groans still sounding in my ears. As the trainers themselves have confessed that animals who are unwilling to do their tricks are punished behind the scenes, I have no doubt that those groans, so long continued, meant that cruel punishment was going on.

I have said nothing about the training of such animals as horses, dogs and cats, yet there is much that can be said against it and very little in favor of it. While we all know that these animals can be taught many simple tricks by petting and praising and by giving them special treats in food, yet there is evidence in abundance to show that the animals so constantly exhibited in difficult and unnatural tricks, such as high leaps, long jumps, jumping through hoops of fire, etc., are trained with the whip and by starvation. A special investigation was made by a writer on the *London Saturday Review* not long ago and showmen themselves were forced to the admission that the terror of punishment, the deprivation of food, and the use of the whip were at the root of the obedience shown by dogs and ponies. To come closer home, I have the word of eye witnesses, who have seen dogs that had been cruelly beaten behind the scenes because they failed to do their tricks, one of them being covered with welts from head to tail, and dogs so overcome with terror when they failed to do a trick the first time that they could hardly crawl to their trainer's feet. And about trained cats that jumped into the trainer's lap and licked his face with great apparent affection, the fact was discovered and confessed that they were kept very hungry, and the trainer had a supply of fat, some of it on his face, which they were licking off in their great hunger. A well-known actress in the best vaudeville plays said recently that she could not bear to be in a theater when trained animals were there because they were often treated so badly behind the scenes. So we may conclude that the domestic animals constantly exhibited before the public lead, as a rule, a very hard life, and I could give many more facts I have gathered to prove this.

From start to finish the whole business of capturing and keeping in captivity and training animals is barbarous and cruel. Many of these animals die. Some are fortunate enough to die on the voyage across the ocean, as, for example, in a collection of animals brought from Calcutta, including four elephants, three cages of tigers, five cages of leopards, one cage of bears, twenty-two cages of monkeys, many of the monkeys died on the way. Monkeys are very sensitive to change of climate and are capable of as much suffering as the average child. In a continued exhibition of animals at a theater in Boston, within a year, a man who knew what he was speaking of, told me that the monkeys in the menagerie were dying every week of tuberculosis, and that the accommodations for all the animals were on the most limited and miserable scale, not affording them any degree of comfort. The tigers were carried about in such small cages that they could not stand when the cages were opened, they were so stiff and cramped.

There is always a very considerable loss from sickness and by animals killing each other. Jamrack, the well-known London dealer in wild animals, estimates his losses at an average of from $700 to $1,000 monthly. It has repeatedly been asserted, by men who have had the care of wild animals, that such animals are much more prone to sickness in captivity than in their natural state; that they are also more quarrelsome; and that animals that would not harm each other when free in the forests have often been known to attack and kill each other when caged together.

On account of the great mortality among these captives, zoological gardens, menageries and circuses have to be frequently replenished. Carl Hagenbach shipped in one year seventy-six lions, tigers and panthers, forty-two different species of bears, fifty-two elephants, sixty-four camels and dromedaries, and 750 monkeys, besides a large number of other animals and birds, yet he is only one dealer in wild animals.

How are these animals captured? I wish that everyone could and would read an article which appeared in the February number of *McClure's Magazine* in 1905, entitled "Wild Animal Trapping," and written by A. W. Rolker. Let me quote just one bit of description from it:—"Young animals not yet weaned are preferred and procured when possible. The whole litter is stolen when the parents are out seeking food, if this can be done, but if the mother is on the watch she must be trapped by a pitfall, killed by the white man's bullet or by a hurricane of the Kaffirs' spears, before a desecrating hand may rest on the babes." The writer gives a description of digging and covering the pitfall for the mother, and tells how a live kid with a stone tied to its ear is secured over the pitfall. "Tortured by the weight of the stone, frightened by the loneliness, the unfortunate kid bleats piteously as the men withdraw. Far into the jungle the mournful sound penetrates, continuing for hours, sometimes for several days," says the writer. Then follows a description of the tragedy—the approach of the "magnificent beast," its spring upon the terror stricken prey, the fall of both into the pitfall, the wild, ineffectual struggle of the "maddened brute" to get out of the

trap, and it does not seem as if anyone could consider it worth while to encourage such barbarous cruelty for the sake of keeping animals in captivity to be stared at.

Sometimes, when the young are stolen, the mother follows them for miles. In the case of the hippopotamus, the mother is attacked by a party of men in canoes and resists until the water is red with blood, and the description given of the desperate fight, often lasting more than an hour, before the devoted and frantic mother can be killed, and her little one that is "following in her wake squealing with fright" can be captured, is enough to prevent any person with the least tendency to humanity from encouraging such cruel slaughter.

Take notice, please, that I am quoting only from articles written by hunters, trainers, collectors and men who view all this as legitimate business. An old collector, who had a large experience, gave an account of the great difficulties of securing giraffes. He said,—"This hunting is a terrible piece of business in itself, but the hardest work is to transport the beasts over the five hundred miles or more of primeval wilderness to the nearest seaport." He closes a long article by saying: "And it isn't only broken legs and similar accidents that bother the giraffe collector during a voyage. A giraffe is one of the animals that will break its heart in captivity. The poor brute will actually cry with homesickness. So catching giraffes isn't a business that a man really hankers after."

Since, then, there is undoubtedly a great deal of cruelty connected with the capture, keeping and training of wild animals, and the training and exhibition of domestic animals, and since the education of seeing them exhibited in circuses and zoological gardens amounts simply to education in selfish indifference to the suffering of our fellow creatures, as they cannot be studied to advantage when in captivity, is it not the duty of every humane society and humane worker to discountenance such exhibitions? It may not be possible to put much check on these shows immediately, yet I am sure that if humane societies everywhere will show disapproval and use every means in their power to detect cruelty and expose it to the public, in time we may be able to put a check on such exhibitions. In every case they should be watched; cages where the animals are kept should be examined, and an inspection of the animals by a humane agent might be brought about if the presidents of humane societies would take the matter up in earnest. It is a very profitable and money-making business, and the men engaged in it are not going to allow anything to be done to injure it, if money and influence can prevail against human effort.

Passing from the circuses and the menageries, and all exhibitions of trained animals, let us glance at the zoological garden. It appears to be the ambition of nearly every city, little or great, to spoil the peace and beauty of its park, and distract the attention of visitors from the natural joy of fields, flowers, plants, shrubs and trees, by the introduction of unhappy captives taken from the large freedom of the forests and shut up in cages or small enclosures to amuse children and their elders, who stare at the unhappy captives, surreptitiously giving them unsuitable food, poking at them with sticks, and playing practical jokes on them.

Putting aside the question of humanity, let us consider the cost of such exhibitions. The exhibitors of wild animals say that the zoological gardens are demanding so many wild animals that the species most rare and difficult to procure are likely to become extinct. The death rate is high in some of the parks and new animals are constantly needed to fill vacancies. A late addition to the New York Zoological Park that was considered very valuable was a young rhinoceros. The hunters saw a female with a calf by her side and pursued and killed the mother. The calf made a violent effort to escape capture but was secured after a severe struggle and, according to an account in the *New York Evening Post,* was carried for six days in this manner: "They tied its legs together, thrust a long pole between them, and with the animal swinging under the pole, back downward, carried it on a six days' journey, covering ninety miles. In the early part of this journey the head of the calf was left hanging, and this caused the animal to struggle continuously, so that there was danger of its killing itself through exhaustion. To remedy this, a large piece of coarse cloth was slung under the pole like a hammock, and, being supported by this means, the infant rhinoceros ceased to struggle. The total cost of this rhinoceros to the Zoological Society, when landed at the park, was $4,532." When the animals are bought then comes the risk of losing them. Hagenbach had the life of his baby elephant insured for $75,000, yet Hagenbach, if any man, can obtain a wild animal at the least possible expense, as he employs a staff of sixty European hunters and has five depots in Asia, three in Africa, several in Europe and one in America.

The cost of maintaining a zoological garden is without question very great. Take, for example, the New York Zoological Park. A special appropriation of $250,000 was made in 1902 for improvements and extensions; a lion house cost $150,000; an antelope house $50,000; plans were made, and I suppose carried out, for a $100,000 bird house, a $20,000 ostrich house, and a structure for small mammals costing $20,000. The cost of the maintenance of the park in 1903, not reckoning in any purchase of animals, was $105,000—this for a single year.

Therefore it may be seen that the cost of stocking, and keeping stocked and maintaining a zoological garden is great enough to provide many open air parks and playgrounds in the city; or to support several large and well-conducted shelters for smaller animals; or to carry on a free hospital for the horses and other animals of the poor, which is very much needed in every city; and the question again arises, Is it worth while? Do exhibitions that involve the suffering of our fellow mortals educate the public in the right direction? If not, let us set our faces against them. The struggle will be a difficult one, but let us not despair. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they do grind on, and out of the night of cruelty day is slowly dawning. We have seen during the last year the faint light in the East which promises the approach of a day when man shall find out the truth of the simple declaration —"With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," and selfish fear and self interest may bring about what humane education has not yet accomplished.—*Mrs. Huntington Smith in an American Humane Association Leaflet.*

Say ye: "The spirit of man has found new roads,
And we must leave the old faiths and walk therein?"
Leave then the cross, as ye have left carved gods,
But guard the fire within!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

The Macmillans have sent me Miss Ellen Glasgow's "The Romance of a Plain Man." This is one of the best novels I have read in two or three years. It will not rest in the mind as a novel but as a judicious study of social economics and class antipathies. The story is not only admirably written, but the characters are marvelously well drawn. Indeed there is no such atmosphere about the book as about most of our stories,—that of artificiality. The inspiration of the book is as good as the execution, noble and generous. I wish, however, that the story had been cut short, with a few of the last chapters left out. It would then be a complete model.

From the same house I have received "One Immortality," by H. Fielding Hall. This book is a sort of running comment, of a semi-philosophical sort, on everything that comes along. It is level full of pretty good things. It reminds me of "Young's Night Thoughts," and similar books—not highly inspired, but very readable and sometimes helpful.

From Little, Brown and Company I have received "The Little Gods," by Rowland Thomas. The first story in this volume is "Fagan," the one that took the Collier prize, and readers will generally vote that it deserved what it got. "An Optimist" is one of the best short stories that I have ever read, and there are half a dozen more stories in the book that are nearly as good. If the author had left out a little of the flavoring in the way of profanity from some of his soldier stories, they might not have been as photographically accurate, but I think it would have added to the pleasure of the reader. From the same house, I have another story entitled "But Still a Man." Of course this is the old phrase, "a minister but still a man," for the hero is a preacher. It is a good average story, and will help one to pass a few pleasant hours while reading it. It is the work of Margaret L. Knapp.

I have from Funk and Wagnalls a rather pretentious volume by Professor Wilkinson. I think I disagree with this author at about every page. I wholly disagree with him in his laudations of William Dean Howells; in his measure of Matthew Arnold as critic, and equally in his estimate of Arnold's poetic power; and almost as fully in his measure of Tennyson; and when it comes to John Morley I lack all sympathy with what he has to say; while his estimate of Tolstoy is in my judgment worst of all. Of course there are passages in this book of considerable critical power and literary brilliancy.

I have a revelation and a delight. The Macmillans have sent me "One Immortality," by Fielding Hall. This book is a dissertation on that love which makes one life out of two—real human unity—of purpose, of joy, of consequences. The dissertation is in story style, and is fascinating reading. It has brought to me an author of whom I shall say to the publishers, Now send me all the rest of his books.

E. P. P.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The refining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold; and a man is tried by his praise.
MON.—Weary not thyself to be rich.
TUES.—The borrower is servant to the lender.
WED.—He that followeth after righteousness and kindness, findeth life, righteousness and honor.
THURS.—Stripes that wound cleanse away evil.
FRI.—Death and life are in the power of the tongue.
SAT.—A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity.

The Story of Khaki.

Khaki, the olive-colored canvas cloth worn by soldiers in hot climates, owes its present use to a lucky accident, as is the case with many inventions. This cotton stuff has been worn in India by British troops for many years. Its tint was a greenish brown, but it always faded when it was washed with soap.

A business man from Manchester, while travelling in India, chanced to enter into conversation with an English officer, who remarked carelessly that the first manufacturer who could produce a cotton drill that would not fade would make his fortune.

The young Englishman never forgot this hint. He came home, found a skillful dyer, and with him began the search for an olive dye which, when used on cotton cloth, would not yield to soap or soda. They spent years in these experiments, all of which proved fruitless.

One day they found among several scraps of dyed cloth one which retained its color under the most severe tests. The puzzling fact was that it had been cut from the same piece of cloth and subject to the same process as the other scraps, all of which faded. The two experimenters were greatly perplexed, and for months tried in vain to solve the riddle. The one little fragment of khaki was the only one which kept its color against all attacks.

By chance, one day, they found that the dye in which this scrap had been dipped had remained for a time in a metal dish of a peculiar kind. The secret was found. The metal of the dish, in combination with the chemicals of the dye, had furnished the one thing needful. They tried the experiment with other pieces. The dye held, and their fortunes were made.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white,
That dot the meadow of the night.

And after while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

"The American as He Is," by President Butler of Columbia University, is published by Macmillan Co. This is a finely wrought little volume, discussing the American as an intellectual being, also as a political type. You will enjoy it very much.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS.....MRS. WM. KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. OSBORNE E. D. MARTIN PAYSON S. WILD

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE BEATIFICATION OF JOAN OF ARC.

Many thousand pilgrims from France were massed in front of the high altar in St. Peter's at the Vatican when a veil hanging in the centre of the Gloria fell away, disclosing the beautiful Maid of Orleans, who thus took her place in the Roman calendar as Saint Joan of Arc. The entire diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican, all the members of the sacred college in Rome, and the whole papal court filled the long lines of seats, draped in many hues, which were ranged along the walls of the vast basilica. "At the end of the apse," to quote the Vatican correspondent of the London *Times*, "in the centre of the Gloria had been placed the figure of the new Beata, surrounded by hundreds of small electric lamps, which spread out to illuminate also the rays of the Gloria itself, above which was the motto *Pax Christi*, surmounted by a crown formed too of electric lights." Great windows flanking the Gloria held electrically illuminated pictures visualizing the miracles upon which the authenticity of the Maid's claim to beatification rests. Conspicuous among the rest were the huge bannerets depicting the memorable crises in the career of Joan of Arc—the entry into Reims and the coronation of Charles in the cathedral of that town. "More clusters of electric lamps hung from the roof and projected from the walls, converting the apse into a blaze of light which entirely dimmed the candles on the altars." The different stages of the ceremonial beatification entailed the presence and participation of fifteen cardinals, seventy French archbishops and bishops, and as many other prelates as were in Rome.

Pius X did not attend the beatification proper, his descent to the Basilica to venerate the newly canonized saint being the grand feature of the afternoon. His Holiness is said by the Roman correspondents of the European dailies to have been unfavorably impressed by the obvious plan of the French royalists and extreme clericals to convert the beatification into a political demonstration against the third republic. At one of the stages of his progress he halted the pontifical chair where the French tricolor had been hung near the statue of Saint Peter, and, after blessing the flag, took a fold of it in his hand and pressed it to his lips. "The enthusiasm of the pilgrims upon this could no longer be restrained and they broke into loud applause." The episode was anything but soothing to those royalists and champions of clericalism who, with the Duc d'Alencon, had come to glorify, according to the Paris *Aurore*, not only the Maid of Orleans but the house of Orleans as well. The Pope's act was pronounced by the *Debats* and its moderate contemporaries very graceful and very gracious.

By taking a prominent part in the ceremonies of beatification, Cardinal Rampolla, arch-priest of St. Peter's, who seemed on the eve of election to the papal throne when Austria interposed a vote against him, has mollified French republican organs. It is to the partiality of the French republicans for Rampolla, says the Berlin *Post*, that we may attribute the equanimity of French journalistic comment upon the beatification of a saint whose career has been deemed hitherto a royalist asset. On the eve of the beatification, Cardinal Rampolla, according to gossip in the *Independance Belge* of Brussels, laid before his Holiness convincing evidence that if the Vatican did not take precautions the ceremonies might be exploited by political reactionaries in France. Clerical journals in Paris and Rome were thereupon instructed to avoid all comment calculated to inflame republican susceptibilities. Piux X himself tried, the *Temps* thinks, when he addressed the French pilgrims gathered in Rome in honor of the maid, to avoid provocative language. His theme was the duty of French Roman Catholics to both faith and fatherland.

—*Current Literature.*

"DAVID SWING—POET PREACHER."

By Joseph Fort Newton.

Cloth 8vo., 283 pp., with Portrait, $2.00.

It is seldom indeed that one reads a life written both with sympathetic admiration and with a keen critical sense. These two elements in your book delight me, and they give distinction to it of the highest value. You have not only delineated a potent and attractive mind and personality from the inside, and with a clear vision of the sources of Swing's power, but you have also set the best kind of an example to all who engage in this sort of work, in clearly and lovingly indicating what David Swing was not. You have introduced a new generation to David Swing, who will give themselves up to your vision of your early friend and master, because your account of him, while full of glow and color, is so free from exaggeration. I can believe about Swing every word you say because your style of writing inclines me to trust you where I do not know.

From a private letter.

For sale by

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.

Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

A woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong and pure men and women, is a creator second only to God.

—*Helen Hunt.*

ESTABLISHED 38 YEARS

Athenaeum Business College

ADVISORY BOARD

Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL.D. Bishop of Reformed Episcopal Ch.
Thomas Estill Commissioner Salvation Army for the Western States
Rev. Abraham Hirschberg Secretary of the Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago
Rev. George W. Gray, D. D.
Charles A. Brillow President Wabash Valley Coal Co.
James W. Howell, Attorney
W. D. Peck, B. A., Principal
Samuel B. Willey, LL. B., President

The School of Quality

18 to 26 VAN BUREN STREET
Near Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO

Phone Harrison 1110

DEPARTMENTS
1. Shorthand and Typewriting
2. Commercial
3. Preparatory
4. Teachers' Review
5. Railroad Freight Rates

TUITION RATES
$10 Per Month Payable in Advance
Night School, $4 Per Month

40 Thousand Graduates

Young people qualified in our Shorthand and Business departments in the shortest possible time for positions that pay at once from $25 to $60 per month. Individual instruction. Enter at any time. Day and night sessions. Call, write, or phone Harrison 1110 for catalogue. Positions for graduates. 38 years of uninterrupted success.

The Tower Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1909

For those who are looking for a quiet, restful place to spend vacation months

The Plant: The Tower Hill Pleasure Company owns a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, an adequate reservoir, which is piped to the various buildings and supplied with the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, which yields scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, orthinologist, etc. A well tilled garden, and an adequate dairy, in connection with the Jenkin Lloyd Jones Farm, supply the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company have been sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains seventeen (17) such cottages.

Expenses: The expenses of the Encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouses rentals.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature with a few master minds and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impediments; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose continuous support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this school from the beginning has been;

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the student to carry the result of his studies into Sunday-school and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second, to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The Conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry, though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the sixth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

Class in Religion—

1. The Origin and Organization of the Early Church.
2. The Persecutions.
3. The Mingling of Greek, Roman and Christian Elements.
4. Constantine and Julian. 311-363.
5. Jerome. 340 (?)-420.
6. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
7. St. Benedict. 480-543.
8. Monks and Missions in the West.
9. Gregory I. (The Great). 540 (?)-604.
10. Mohammed. 570-632.
11. Charlemagne. 742-814.

12. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
13. The Conversion of the Slav, St. Stephen.
14. Hildebrand, 1020 (?)-1085.
15. Abelard, 1079-1142.
16. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
17. Feudalism and Chivalry: The Real and the Ideal.
18. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
19. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226. The Coming of the Friars.
20. Cathedral Building.
21. The Rise of the Universities.
22. Dante. 1265-1321.
23. The Black Death and its Effects.
24. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
25. The Fore-runners of the Reformation. 1380 (?)-1471, Wesel (1420-89.)
26. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
27. The Great Renaissance.
28. Savonarola. (1452-1498.)
29. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
30. More's "Utopia." 1516.

REFERENCES.

For full analysis and detailed references in the field at large, the syllabus issued by Professor Thompson of the University of Chicago, entitled "Reference Studies in Mediæval History" (50c), a pamphlet of 130 pages, is specially recommended, and it is hoped that a copy of this exhaustive index to English sources will be in the hands of each student. The Growth of Christianity," by Joseph Henry Crooker, is a little hand-book prepared in 1897 for this particular course and was published by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society (30c); Robinson's History of Western Europe, and the same author's "Readings in European History," The Middle Ages (Ginn & Co.), are excellent guides; Munro and Sellery's "Mediæval Civilization" (Century Co.), and Adams' "Civilization During the Middle Ages" (Scribners), are highly recommended. Fuller reference list supplied on application.

Studies in Religion—Seven Years' Course

These studies were inaugurated at Tower Hill and have been continued throughout its twenty years' work. First year, "Beginnings, or the Cradle Life of the Soul;" second year, "Religions of the Elder World;" third year, "The Growth of the Hebrew Religion;" fourth year. "The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World;" fifth year, "The New Testament, The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion;" sixth year, "The Growth of Christianity;" seventh year, "The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion; from Erasmus to Emerson."

Dates and Prices

Tower Hill Encampment, July 1-September 20; Tower Hill Summer School, July 25-August 22; Woman's Congress, August 20, 21, 22.

Board at the dining room is furnished at five dollars ($5.00) a week; room in Long Houses, with double bed, $3 per week. For the season there are always some cottages that can be rented, but applications should be made early. So far as the capacity of the laundry permits washing will be done at usual schedule rates. Transportation between R. R. station and the Hill, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents; valises and similar packages, 15 cents. Round trip from the Hill to station and return, when seats can be spared in the buckboard, 25 cents. Teams for special trips and rides, carrying six (6) passengers, can be ordered at any time from Spring Green livery at the rate of a dollar an hour. Registration fee for Summer School, five dollars ($5), including all classes and evening lectures. Family tickets, seven dollars ($7); single admission, 25 cents.

General Information

Spring Green is the freight, express and telegraph station. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, one hundred and eighty (180) miles from Chicago. Day passenger trains during the Encampment season will stop at Helena (flag station) three miles east of Spring Green shortening the distance and with better roads. Those wishing to reach the Hill with least delay should notify by letter in time for the buckboard to meet the train. If you desire to get off at Helena notify conductor. A livery at Spring Green is always accessible on short notice.

During the season mail should be addressed to Tower Hill, Wis.

Some New Books

For Sale At

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT:
MASTER DIVER
By F. Hopkinson Smith
12mo.; 76 pp.; 60 cents net; by mail 66 cents. Vol. V, "True American Types" Series.

SOME MEMORIES By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 248 pp.; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35.

THE SEA OF FAITH By Milton Reed
12mo.; 111 pp.; 80 cents net; by mail, 87 cents.

THE HIGHER SACRIFICE
BY DAVID STARR JORDAN
12mo.; 54 pp. 80 cents net; by mail, 86 cents.

PAUL By W. Wrede
12mo.; 163 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.09. (Extract is taken from the Preface.)

SONS OF THE PURITANS
By Various Authors
12mo.; 244 pp.; $1.50 net; by mail, $1.60. Sketches of George Frisbie Hoar, by Francis C. Lowell; Morrill Wyman, by Henry P. Walcott; Horace Gray, by Ezra Ripley Thayer; Charles Franklin Dunbar, by Charles W. Eliot; Phillips Brooks, by Charles Carroll Everett; Francis Channing Barlow, by Edwin H. Abbot; Henry Sturgis Russell, by John T. Morse, Jr.; Roger Wolcott, by William Lawrence; William Eustis Russell, by Charles Eliot Norton; Charles Eliot, by William R. Thayer; William Henry Baldwin, Jr. by George R. Nutter. Illustrated with eleven portraits.
(Extract is taken from the Introduction.)

THE CHURCH OF TODAY
By Joseph H. Crooker
12mo.; 177 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 82 cents.

A BOOK OF PRAYERS
By Charles Gordon Ames
12mo.; 36 pp.; $1.50 net in cloth; $2.50 net in leather; postage, 10 cents additional.

THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE, AND ITS PLACE AMONG SACRED BOOKS By J. T. Sunderland
12mo.; 325 pp.; $1.20 net; by mail, $1.33

MIRACLES AND MYTHS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT By Joseph May
12mo.; 191 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.06.

THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 50 cents net; by mail, 56 cents.

WHERE THE LIGHT DWELLETH
By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 283 pp.; $1.40 net; by mail, $1.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOPE
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 81 cents.

All the books you want, at the prices you have a right to secure. Call or write to

The Lincoln Centre Shop
209 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

MARYLAND HOTEL, 157 OAKWOOD BOULEVARD
One Block from Lincoln Center
Delightful Summer Home. Fine Table. Special Rates to Students.
Phone Douglas 3345.

BERNET & CO. Phone Douglas 1136
Fine Residence Work Especially
Electricians and Locksmiths
3985 Cottage Grove Ave.

1902 ONE WAGON 1908 12 WAGONS
Our Plant is the Best Equipped on the South Side
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of Laundry Work
PROMPT SERVICE OUR MOTTO
BISSELL LAUNDRY
231-233-235 39th Street Telephone Douglas 1003

Bowman Dairy Company
Milk bottled in the country
Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk
Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all division offices.
Evanston · *Chicago* · *Oak Park*

In the summer time, pure rich milk and cream are most important, and hardest to get.
Wanzer's Germ-no Milk and **Wanzer's Delicious Cream** are guaranteed pure. Always fresh. Cost no more. Order today your milk and cream of
SIDNEY WANZER & SONS
305-307 E. 30th St. Phone Douglas 817
6313-6315 Kimbark Ave. Phone Hyde Park 207

Don't Pay Fancy Prices for Butter

BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER
Is better than the best and goes twice as far.

So called cheap butter at all, but BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is absolutely reliable, pure and wholesome. It is made of pure ground Spanish Peanuts, grown in America, and the best in the world. Come and see it made. Hundreds of dainty dishes are made from it.

Try It Free Write today for Free Sample Jar. We will send it by return mail together with our But-O-Nut Cook Book which is full of valuable recipes. Write today.

CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.
214-216 S. Water St., Chicago

4647 Grand Boulevard
Phone Oakland 319

MUIR
CHICAGO
ESTABLISHED 1865

Flowers
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

3530 Michigan Avenue
Phone Douglas 319-538

Please say you saw it in UNITY

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 1298
Main Office and Storage Yards
1023 to 31 Thirty-Fifth St. CHICAGO

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR
By Charles R. Cooper.
Late 67th Ohio V. V.
CHRONOLOGICAL AND ALPHABETICAL RECORD OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.
With a rare Frontispiece of Lincoln. Royal octavo, bound in blue cloth, gold-lettered back, white-lettered side, bevelled boards,, sprinkled edges.
Price, Five Dollars.
THE CAXTON PRESS,
255 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

PROCTOR ACADEMY
Andover, New Hampshire
A Unitarian School for both sexes. Tuition and Board $250 a year. Courses in Business and Domestic Science. College Certificate. New Gymnasium. New Separate Dormitories.
Principal, Andover, New Hampshire

Stamping Embroidery
WENTWORTH
WOMAN'S EXCHANGE
4331 Wentworth Ave.
Preserved Fruits Stenciling

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 89th Street Phone Doug. 4305

Oakland 51 Drexel 5654
ADAMS BROS. GARAGE
171 and 173 E. Forty-Third St.
All the Latest Improvements for the Care of Electric and Gasoline Vehicles
Storage Charging Repairing
Supplies for Sale

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings Grove, Ill.
DOWD PURE MILK CO.
4326-34 WABASH AVE.
Phone Oakland 474
Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country
OUR MOTTO:
Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery

The Meadville Theological School

Meadville, Pa.

Founded 1844

is a modern, undogmatic training-school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at once double its present number of students.

For catalogue address The Registrar, Meadville, Theological School

LINCOLN CENTRE LEAVES.

Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Bertha L. Corbett and Other Artists.

1. The New Year. Horatio N. Powers.
2. Nature's Ministries (To a shut-in). Evelyn H. Walker.
3. Many Dear Things of His Providence. W. C. Gannett.
4. Thou Mindest Me of All Bright Things (To a young girl). Evelyn H. Walker.
5. From Wishing-Land (Wishes for her birthday). Robert Louis Stevenson.
6. Sunset and Afterglow (To one in the afternon of life). Evelyn H. Walker.
7. They May Not Need Me, Yet They Might. Emily Dickinson.
8. Flower Messengers (With a gift of flowers). Evelyn H. Walker.
9. Not by Appointment Do We Meet Delight and Joy. Gerald Massey.
10. May Sun and Moon and Little Stars. Evelyn H. Walker.
11. A Thought for a Friend. Dinah Muloch Craik.
12. For a Marriage Day. Gerald Massey.
13. A Rosary (For lovers or friends). Owen Innsley.
14. The Assurance of Things Not Seen (For Easter). Evelyn H. Walker.
15. Behold a Friend. D. M.
16. Surprise (On immortality). Maltbie Babcock.
17. The Mothers. William C. Gannett.
18. The Little New Daughter.
19. A Christmas Wish. Evelyn H. Walker.

Plain, each ..... .05
Hand colored ..... .12
One dozen in box (your choice), postpaid $1.50

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
'Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

To Unity Readers

Through your loyalty and faithful support in the past UNITY has built up a circulation that makes it a factor in your community.

We have not so far placed before you, nor will we at any time print, any advertisement that we cannot unconditionally endorse and guarantee to you.

To keep faith with our readers and with ourselves we annually refuse substantial amounts of money for advertisements which are eagerly sought for and published by many journals which seek to occupy the same or similar fields as UNITY.

We are therefore asking you to help us to get the best advertisers to start using the columns of UNITY and continue to do so, by your patronage of them from time to time.

We want you to choose for yourselves, from classification below, which of the advertisers using local mediums which for some reason we have overlooked or find them discriminating against UNITY, and who you think should avail themselves of the advertising columns of UNITY.

We ask your kind coöperation in this matter; please sign name and address to your list, which of course will not be used for publication.

Make selections from following classifications:

Men's and Boy's Clothing and Furnishing Goods
Dry Goods
Women's Clothing
Watches and Jewelry
Automobiles
Taxicabs
Fire or Life Insurance
Banking or Bonds
Household or Office Furniture
Stoves and Heaters
Pianos and Musical Instruments
Milk, Cream, Butter or Eggs
Coal
Photography
Furriers
Plumbing, Painting and Paper Hanging
Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes
Women's Apparel, Millinery, Etc.

Quiet Tabulating

There's one good thing about the Underwood you'll be glad to know if you have tabular work to be transcribed in typewriting: —its tabulating attachment moves the carriage to the right point quickly and without jar—without startling the clerk and making the whole office jump. Then the visible writing of the

UNDERWOOD
STANDARD
Typewriter

gives immediate assurance of correct work. In making out bills, statements, comparative records, the tabulating device assures correct alignment in decimal columns—unit under unit, tens under tens, and so on.

The purpose of the tabulating device, the visible writing and other valuable features of the Underwood is to save time, trouble and money in your office and promote efficiency. You ought then to be glad to know all about them. Suppose you call in. Our man will help—not bother you.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
ANYWHERE